for ſweet *Iacke* Falſtaffe, kind *Iacke* Falſtaffe, true *Iacke* Falſtffe, valiant *Iacke* Falſtaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke* Falſtaffe, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the doore.

Falſ. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtaffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Jeſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke up above. Now my Maſters; for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maſter Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time have employed him:

And